The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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To-morrow.

A BRIGHT little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young, this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself,
Bnt for many days a thought would rise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies;
"Mother," O word that makes the home!
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then.

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss to his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie; this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away;"
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year,
It always is coming, but never is here."—*Sel.*

"Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee
Devoutly speak and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act and then,
The strength of God acts through thee."

The Dying Child.

A LITTLE daughter, ten years old lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet of the house-hold. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice — the truthful, affectionate, large-hearted, pious child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What, my darling," answered her father striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much—do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her he replied, though with a shaking voice: "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought — may be — you would lay it out this year for poor children — to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glanced into the father's heart, the bliss of one noble, loving spirit was mingled with his life. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it, he and his beloved were coworkers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow, with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile-gaze, into her father's eyes; and still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstacy:

"O, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. O, such crowds! And they ran up to me and began to kiss me and call me by name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for father's sake!'" She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper. "Yes, yes, I come! I come!" and the lovely form lay there, untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee arose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven."—*Sel.*

The Future of Dull Boys.

Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years old he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in their earliest pieces, did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed: "If it pleases God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

OUR trouble is that we write our mercies on the sand, and engrave our afflictions upon a rock.

Touching Incident.

We recently heard a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an ajoining county. His age is twelve or thirteen. He is an interesting and promising lad. One day during the past winter he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into the room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up? He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired, but the boy not making his appearance for some time, he returned and said a second time, "My son why don't you get up?"

"Father, is it daylight?" he asked.

"Yes, long ago."

"Then, father," the little fellow said, "I am blind."

And so it was. His sight was gone.

In a short time his father took him to Nashville, to get the benefit of the medical profession there, but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera that he might hear the music and singing. He went, and was delighted. In the course of the performance, all at once he leaped up, threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy, "Oh! father, I can see?" His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.

Picking up the Minutes.

A Sabbath School scholar earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions and selling them to the dealers in herbs.

"When did you find time, Johnny?" I asked, surprised, for, besides being a very punctual and constant scholar at the day-school, he did errands for Mrs. Davis. "When did you find time?"

"There is almost always time for what we are bent upon," said Johnny. "You see, pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking."

Christian Banner.

THE greatest losses have arisen from neglect of smallest opportunities.

Hanging Nests.

The little birds that live in the forest have a great many enemies. The monkey likes to peep into their nest, and see if there is anything in it he can run away with. He is as fond of eggs as we are.

Then there comes the snake, winding slowly up the tree. If the poor mother-bird sees him, she is in great distress. She flies round and round his head, making a screaming noise, as if she hoped to drive him away; but the snake takes no notice. His bright eye is fixed upon her. If she does not mind, she will flutter too near. He will open his great jaws, and eat her up.

"What is the little bird to do, with such deadly enemies around her?

Nature tells her what to do. It teaches her to build her nest in as safe a place as she can find, and to make it in such a way that neither snake nor monkey can get in.

Sometimes a monkey will find his way to a nest thus hanging from a tree; but, as the branches of the tree are very slender, the weight of the monkey bears them down. The would-be thief falls into the water; and the young brood of the poor bird is saved from his robber-paws.

There is one kind of nest that is a little like a pouch, or pocket. It hangs from a tree over a stream or river. It has an opening at the bottom. The bird will fly up a dark narrow passage to the place where a pouch bulges out. Here the nest really is; and here she can sit upon her eggs, without any fear of the snake or of the monkey.

"No creature that has not wings to fly, as she does, can come in.

The nest is made of woven grass, and is so strong you would have hard work to pull it to pieces. The nest is dark; but what do you think the little bird has been known to do?

She has been known to catch the fire-flies, and stick them on the walls of the nest. She sticks them in bits of wet clay. The fire-flies shine like tiny lamps. Can she have put them there to light up her nest?

"Travelers in South America see hundreds of hanging-nests in the forest, or along the banks of the rivers."—*The Well Spring.*

"WHAT'S the matter with you, my pet?" "O, aunty! I just went to touch a little chickey and the old hen growled at me and bit me with her nose!"

A Beautiful Answer.

When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, asked:—

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes:—

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hands on the child's head and said, most devoutedly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Kind Heart--Kind Actions.

One hot day last summer I was passing down a business street, and noticed a wagon with horses waiting opposite a large establishment. The poor horses were panting from heat and thirst, but there was no watering trough near at which they could get a draught. It was the dinner hour of the workmen, and a number of the printers' boys in their shirt sleeves were playing about. One of these, a bright-eyed lad, caught sight of the horses and cried out, "I'll bring you some," and off he ran, and in a few minutes he reappeared with a pail and a good supply of nature's refreshing beverage. It was a pretty sight to see the lad, and pleasant to hear the words of kindness he addressed to the horses while drinking. I could not help saying: May God bless the kind-hearted boy, may he never know the want of a friend ready to help.

GOUGH says that the Sunday School teacher's sphere is as "an ocean of influence, the centre of which is everywhere, the circumference of which is nowhere."

For the Myrtle.

Awake.

LITTLE Dotty Dimple
Loves the April flowers,
Is happy in the sunshine
Happy in the showers.

Loves the green grass growing
By the river side,
Loves to find the blossoms
Where they coyly hide.

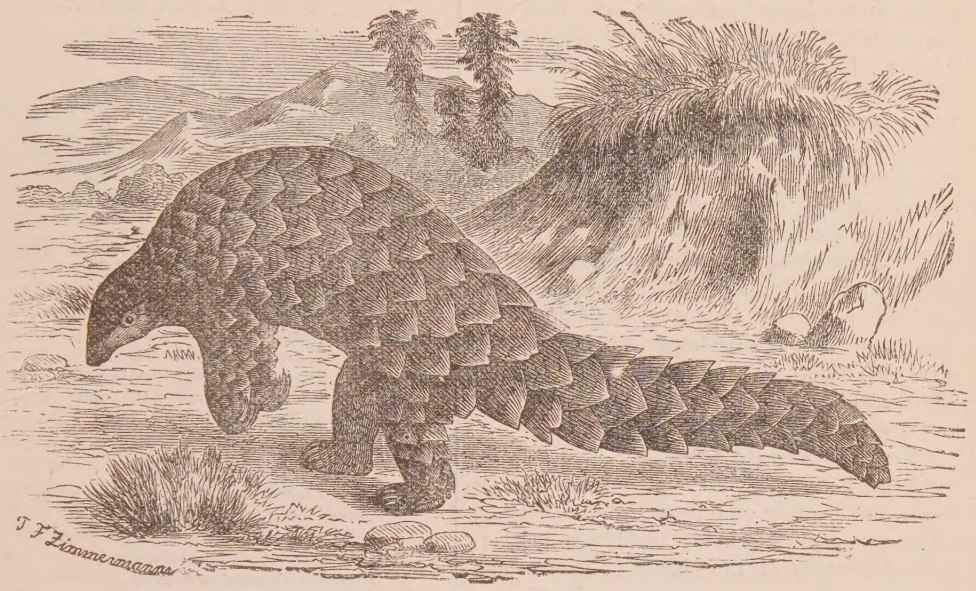
Thinks of the cold winter
Over now and done,
Of the joyous summer
Not yet quite begun.

Dotty's loving mother
Sees the blossoms too,
Knows that they were budding
Neath the winter's snow.

Thinks how kind and tender
God has been to keep,
All this life unbroken
Through the winter sleep.

Thinks of Dotty Dimple,
And her winter hours,
Wonders if her heart, too,
Will blossom like the flowers.

E. M. B.



For the Myrtle.

The Scaly Ant Eater.

"Mother I wish that all the people in this world were not so busy."

"Why so my darling?" said Mrs. Rose, without looking up from the book which she was reading

"Because I never can be told what I wish to know because every one is so busy that they have no time to stop for me. I carried my paper to father just now to ask him a question and he was too busy making out bills to listen to me. Then I went to Mary, but she was sewing on her ball-dress, and said she couldn't possibly stop her sewing to bother with me, and now I come in here to find you reading,"

"Well my dear, you need neither go farther, nor sit down disappointed. Bring your paper to me, and I will listen to your question."

Helen ran quickly to her mother's side and holding up her paper, with her finger on a strange looking picture; said,

"What is that odd looking creature?"

Mrs. Rose looked at it, and said: "What do you think it is?"

"I don't believe I think at all about it."

"You don't mean that. You think about it, or you would not have brought it to me."

"Well I mean that I don't think at all what it is."

"What does it look like?"

"A good deal like a pine-cone with a hunch on its back, and legs on."

Mrs. Rose laughed at this, and replied:

"That is quite an ingenious description, but I think we shall find that this little creature has a good deal more sense than a pine-cone. If you will go to the library and bring me the Natural History, I think we can get some information about this animal."

Helen ran and brought the book, and Mrs. Rose turned to the page that told about the Asiatic Ant Eater. Showing Helen the picture that she found on that page she said. Does this look like the picture that you have in your paper?"

"Yes" said Helen, "that is just like him. Oh do please read to me what the book says about it."

Mrs. Rose read as follows,

"This is a singular looking, but very useful animal. It is sometimes called the 'short-tailed manis' but it is more generally spoken of as the 'Scaly Ant-eater.' It is known by its armor of dense, horny scales, which overlap each other after the fashion of the pine-apple, and this armor looks almost as solid and useful as a coat of mail on a warrior, and it *is* as useful to this animal as the ancient style of armor was to the soldier; for when it is alarmed, and cannot reach its hole in the ground, it rolls itself up like a ball, throwing

up the sharp edges of its scales, and then the animals which usually attack it, are glad to let it alone. Instead of toes, the animal has claws which it uses in tearing down the ant hills. When the ants find their house tumbling about their heads, they run out in the greatest alarm and confusion; but the ant-eater quietly seats himself upon the ruins, and with his long tongue, sweeps the creatures into his mouth.

This animal is found in the countries of southern Asia; in Africa there is a somewhat different kind, called the Phatagin; while in South America there is a much larger animal called the great Ant Eater, which, however, is not covered with scales."

"Is that all that it says about him?"

"Yes" said Mrs. Rose.

"Well, I thank you very much for reading it to me, and I will try and remember it, said Helen, as she sat down contentedly beside her mother, looking earnestly at the picture of the strange creature. *E. M. B.*

Avoid! Avoid! Avoid.

Avoid the words of the swearer. Let them not enter your lips. "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain;" and this is what the swearer does. Perhaps you have heard some say it is a manly thing to swear, Do not believe this; it is the most cowardly language of all. Avoid the first oath as you would avoid the first theft; for the one is as dangerous as the other, and quite as wicked in the sight of God. To learn to swear is to learn one of the first letters of the alphabet of vice; and, therefore, even though you are very young, my reader. you will act a most manly part if you stand out firmly against the first temptation to swear. "Swear not at all?"

Curious Words.

The word naughty, with which all children are familiar, is from naught — na whit—meaning nothing. It intimates that it is the tendency of wickedness to come to nothing. A naughty child is often very active and positive in his or her disobedience, yet, as such action is destructive of peace and order, it is regarded as naught, of no account.

Luncheon is said to have been originally a noon shun, a meal partaken of by laborers in the field at noon, when they retire to the shade to shun the noon-tide heat.

Three Little Girls.

One, two, three!
Don't you see!
All little girlies belong to me;
There's Katy so busy, and mischievous Lou,
And Elsie who nothing as yet can do
But eat, and sleep, and kick out her feet.
And makes believe angry and look very sweet;
"A terrible trouble" some folks say;
Their father and I think another way.

Like a miser his store,
We count o'er and o'er
Our treasures, though well we know them before,
And number them out like houses and lands;
Six little feet, and six little hands,
Two that are grey, and four blue eyes,
Three little heads *we* think wondrous wise;
Three rosy faces, with each a small nose,
Thirty fat fingers and thirty fat toes.

They look very quiet,
But I'll not deny it,
They're capable sometimes, of making a riot,
There's Katie, my eldest daughter,
She likes to dabble her hands in the water;
Lulu has found out a beautiful play,
Scattering the ashes every way;
While baby Elsie, the sly little minx!
Can spill her milk and look wise as a sphinx.

One, two, three!
As you may see,
There's work enough in the world for me;
So many little wants to supply,
So many times to sing "lullaby,"
So many little garments to sew—
And the faces are always dirty, you know,—
So busy the days, so wearied the nights,
Half the time going in putting to rights.

As you may guess,—
And I confess,
There are anxious thoughts that at times oppress?
Hopes, plans, and fears for a future day;
But all the mother can do is to pray,
"Father, watch them with Thy sleepless eyes,
And out of Thy wisdom make me wise."
Then comes a sweet voice, as pleading as may be,
Down goes the pen, and up comes—a baby!

Sel.

Trust in God.

One of the best expositions of Job xiii. 15, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," is found in the following incident related by John Newton; "A good old woman, a dear friend of mine, was asked upon her death bed if she was comfortable in her mind. "Very comfortable," she answered. "Then you are willing to die?" "Quite willing," she said; "If my Father chooses to put me to bed in the dark, I can trust him."

A MAN went out the other night to see if he could ascertain the color of the wind, and found it blew.

The Lord's Prayer.

We lay before our readers the Lord's Prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acrostic. By Thomas Sturtevant. It is arranged for twelve speakers, and may be used as a Sunday School concert exercise.

OUR Lord and king, who reign'st enthroned on high,
FATHER of light! mysterious Deity!
WHO art the great I AM, the last, the first,
ART righteous, holy, merciful and just,
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is thy dwelling place O God our King.

HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names transcend,
BE thou adored, our great Almighty Friend,
THY glory shines beyond creation's space,
NAME first and last in justice and in grace.

THY kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
KINGDOM satanic falls, but thine shall rise.
COME let thine empire, O thou Holy one,
THY great and everlasting will be done!
WILL God make known his will, his power display?
BE it the work of mortals to obey,

DONE is the great, the wondrous work of love;
ON Calvary's cross He died, but reigns above,
EARTH bears the record in thy holy word,
AS Heaven adores thy love, let earth, O Lord:
IT shines transcendant in the' eternal skies,
IS praised in Heaven—for man the Saviour dies.
IN songs immortal angels laud his name.
HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.

GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US ay that food on which our souls may live!
THIS be our boon to-day, and days to come,
DAY without end in our eternal home;
OUR needy souls supply from day to day,
DAILY assist and aid us when we pray.
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
AND make us grateful when thy gifts descend,

FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place
US the vile rebels of a rebel race;
OUR follies, faults, and trespasses forgive,
DEBTS which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive;
AS we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
WE beg thou'dst blot out from thy memory's book.
FORGIVE our enemies, extend thy grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
DEBTORS to thee in gratitude and love,
AND in that duty paid by saints above,

LEAD us from sin, and in thy Mercy raise
US from the tempter and his hellish ways,
NOT in our own, but in his name who bled,
INTO thine ear we pour our every need.

TEMPTATION'S fatal charms help us to shun,
BUT may we conquer through thy conquering Son!
DELIVER us from all which can annoy
US in this world, and may our hopes destroy.

FROM all calamities which men betide,
EVIL and death, O turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
THINE 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey
IS not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?

THE whole creation knows no God but thee.
KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall:
THE King eternal reigns the King of all.
POWER is with thee—to thee be glory given,
AND be thy name adored by earth and Heaven;
THE praise of saints and angels is thy own;—
GLORY to thee, the everlasting One,
FOREVER be thy holy name adored;
AMEN! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Trust in God.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store. he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing streams or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men who forget in fear of need,
A Father's name.

To Our Readers.

We would call the attention of our friends to our advertisement in another column, and to the fact indicated by it, that the MYRTLE enters a new volume on the 1st of May. We would be glad of a welcome at that time from many new friends, in addition to the large circle, of whose greeting we are already assured.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— The Sunday School interest in Boston now very strong and active—was, thirty years ago, but a small fraction of what it has now become. At present there is the Universalist Sabbath School Union embracing fourteen schools, with a membership of three thousand seven hundred, and a fund of $6,350.

— The Universalist church at Boston Highlands has a Sunday School of 477 members.

CONNECTICUT.

— The young folks in Br. Skinner's Sunday School, Hartford, needing a piano in the Sunday School room, purchased one of the best, and have paid for the same by entertainments managed entirely by themselves. Br. A. R. Heath, the Superintendent, tried to resign his office, but finding the school would not allow it, he finally accepted a re-election, after a unanimous vote.

KENTUCKY.

— A church and Sunday School will be organized within a few weeks, at Paducah.

ILLINOIS.

— At Yates City they have a Sunday School of sixty scholars. The school has recently given a successful exhibition, that added nearly twenty-eight dollars to its funds. The average attendance of the school per Sabbath, for three months prior to the first of last November, was 24 3-4, for three months since that time it has been 43 1-2.

— At Bradford we have an interesting Sunday School, and a friend of the School has recently made it the present of a nice package of new Sunday School music books, for which they are truly grateful.

PHIL. iv. 4.
Rejoice in the Lord always.

"What is my little brother thinking of, all alone here in the twilight?" asked Andrew as he came into the parlor where Jimmy was awaiting him.

"I was thinking that I wished the minister would come," Jimmy replied, "I have been waiting for him a long time."

Andrew laughed and said: "I suppose you mean me, Jimmy. I intended to have been here half an hour ago. But I went to read for blind Thomas this afternoon, and we were talking so busily after the reading was over, that I did not think how the time was passing.

"Preachers should not keep their congregations waiting. I shall have to send you away, and settle a new pastor, if you do not come when you are expected."

"Oh no Jimmy I am sure you would not do that. For no one else can preach so nearly to suit you, as I can do. I have to tell you to-night what the minister taught us at the church to-day, about loving God in joy and I am sure you will forget the weariness of your waiting, as you listen."

"Well, go on Andrew, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, though it seems to me that I know that sermon before it is preached."

"How so Jimmy?"

"It is so easy to love any one that is good to us.

"But do you think that all the people remember God when they are in prosperity?"

"I should think they would."

"That is not the question Jimmy. Do you think they do?"

"I don't know, said Jimmy slowly."

"Well let us see. Which do you think we have the most of in this world prosperity or adversity?"

"I suppose that you mean, which are we most, happy or unhappy?"

"Yes."

"Why we are happy a great deal more than we are unhappy. The sun-shine comes a great deal oftener than the storm."

"Very well. Which do we speak about most? When you cut your finger as you did last Sunday, you rouse the whole house with crying for mother until you find her, and when she is found, you tell her all of your trouble that can be made to run over your lips. But when that pain is over, how many times has this little boy been known to hold up his tiny hands to his mother, and say 'I am so happy mother with these handy fingers, and these cunning thumbs. They are all well, and just the things that I need for work and play?"

"I never thought of that Andrew. But what would be the use of doing that. Mother knows how nice my hands are when they are well, and how happy I am with them"

"How does she know it Jimmy?"

"By seeing me always at work with my hands. If I were not glad of them I should not use them."

"When you are doing well with them, that is one form of thanksgiving, and a very good form I confess. But how is it when you are doing wrong?"

"I don't wish mother to see me then. I guess sometimes she wishes that my fingers were cut off when I am very mischievous with them."

"Are you happy when you are doing wrong?"

"No."

"Well then, those are not the times of which we are talking. We wish to hide from God, and from mother, and from ourselves when we do evil, but when we do good and are happy we ought to thank God, both in word and deed. It is true that he knows it without our telling Him."

"Then where is the use of our words?"

"You know that your canary can sing don't you Jimmy?"

"Yes."

"But do you not like to hear him each day. After you have given him plenty of food and water, a nice clean cage, and hung him in a sunny window, is it not a pleasure to you to hear him sing as if his little heart were so full of joy that it could not help overflowing?"

"Yes Andrew, I love to hear him. I should not like at all to have him always sullen and silent."

"Remember then that God's love, makes him more eager for your joy-song of thanksgiving, than you can be for any note that is swelling the happy heart of your bird. If you go to Him in trouble, do not forget also to look up to Him in the clear sunshine, and share with Him your joy."

Answers.

APRIL 3. *Charade.* Tom-a-hawk.
APRIL 10. *Riddle.* Keg.
APRIL 10. *Puzzle.* Judas Iscariot.

THE MYRTLE,

A Weekly Illustrated Paper

FOR CHILDREN

IN THE

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Mrs. E. M. Bruce, Editor.

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